

# THE VOICE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

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## THE VOICE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

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A sermon for the times is contained in the text: "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

## Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud.

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ESQ.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He passeth from life to the rest of the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around, and together he laid; As the young and the old, the low and the high, Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant at mother's attended and loved, The mother, that infant's affection who proved, The father, that mother and infant who loved— Each, all away to that dust dwelling of rest.

The madd, on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by; And while from the mists of the living crowd, Are the memories of mortals that loved her and smiled.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, The brow of the fairest that the mace hath worn; The eye of the angry, and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap, The herdman, who clung with his goad to the sheep; The beggar who wandered in search of his food, Have faded away like the grass which he trod.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers of the wood, That wither away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes even those we behold To resign every tale that has often been told.

We are the same as our fathers have been; We see the same rights they often have seen; We drink the same stream, we see the same sun, And run the same course our fathers have run.

'Tis thought we are thinking, our fathers did think, From the death we are shrieking, our fathers did shrink;

To life we are clinging, our fathers did cling; But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold; They seemed—but the heart of the laughter is cold;

They grieved—but no wail from their chambers will come; They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died! ah! they died. We, things that are now— That walk on the turf that lies over their brow, And wander in their dwelling a wanderer abroad— Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain; And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath, From the blossom of health to the palace of death— From the gilded saloon to the hibernated street, Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

GETTING A WEDDING COAT.—Among the anecdotes, related by Dr. Bushnell in his sermon at Litchfield, illustrative of the age of homespun, was this:—

One of the aged divines of that county, still living, was married during the revolution, but under singular difficulties. There was no obstacle to the wedding which seemed insurmountable. He had no wedding coat, nor was wool to be had to make one, and it was in the dead of winter. Yet all parties were ready and he was anxious to be married without delay. At last the mother of the intended bride discovered the difficulty and promptly had some of her sheep shorn and sewed up in blankets to keep them warm, while of the wool she spun and wove a coat for her intended son-in-law.

## BURNING OF THE WILLOWS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

This must be the house; the junction of the two roads and a break in front, the banks covered with willows. Order the men to dismount, with the exception of a couple of patrols on each road.

The speaker was dressed in a blue and scarlet uniform of the British light horse, a corps that we learned after the landing of the English troops in New Jersey, as soon as the horses could be obtained to mount the men. He was an officer of some rank, evidently, and his carriage and demeanor were both laughable and aristocratic in the highest degree. And why not? He was the oldest son of a British earl.

'The house appears to be deserted, Colonel Harcourt,' said the junior officer as he dismounted from his horse.

'We will see. This way, half a dozen of you,' he said to his men. 'Try the door yonder, if it is fastened break it open and report if any one is inside. If there should be, and they attempt to escape shoot them down, but first give them warning to surrender.'

The men advanced to the door, which they found to be fastened, and after demanding admission to which they received no answer, they proceeded to break it open, which delayed them sometime, for the door was a strong oaken one. This done, they entered.

'Do you know the man by sight, lieutenant?' asked Col. Harcourt, while the men were ransacking the house.

'No sir, but there is a fellow I picked up on the road, now in the rear, that knows him well. He does not appear to owe him much favor.'

'Order him to the front.' The countryman had not a very prepossessing countenance.

There was a bold sureliness and earnest expression of features extremely displeasing about him.

'What is your name?' said Col. Harcourt in a quick military manner.

'John Classen.'

'Do you know Peter Van Dyke?' 'Very well.'

'Is this his dwelling?' 'Yes—though since his mother's death, and his sister's getting married, it is hard to say where he keeps himself.'

'Does he bear the name of being a great rebel and a dangerous man to those who favor the King in this neighborhood?' 'Yes, from the Passaic to the Hackensack and thirty miles around. If I had my way he'd been hung long ago and his house burned over his head. He is the leader of every rebel gang from the army' and points out the honest farmer's homes who stand by their King, whose horns they plunder, and carry away their grain and cattle.'

'Why, you tell a bitter tale about him. Has he ever injured you?' 'Injured me? He and a parcel of robbers like himself came one afternoon to burn my house and hang me before my door, which they would have done

but for the arrival of a few friendly neighbors, well armed, when they went off in double quick time.'

'Does he not venture into New York sometimes in disguise?' inquired the Colonel.

'I have so heard it said. He has been slippery from a boy up and can disguise himself in any way. He is a precious scamp, and you will do a favor to this part of New Jersey if you hang him as soon as you catch him.'

This conversation had been held near a stone wall, on the other side of which was an old garden, but the troubles of the times had left it uncultivated—the gooseberry and currant bushes had grown up rank and untrimmed, while the briars stretched over the walls, covering the ground from sight.

Under this cover and within ten feet of the Col. and Classen, lay crouched the very man of whom they were talking. He had barely time to escape from the house and conceal himself on the approach of the horsemen, whom he did not then expect to be within ten miles of him.

Twice, on hearing the base lies of Classen he was on the point of rising and confronting him; but a little reflection was left, and he thought, that was not the occasion to place his life in jeopardy, which he certainly would do, since the party of troops had come expressly to take him.

'Do you know with any certainty, Classen, how long since Peter Van Dyke was in the neighborhood?' 'I heard that he was seen last night two miles from here, in a by-path through the woods, coming towards his house.'

'This is the information I received, and I am determined to capture him sooner or later. If you can point out his whereabouts or arrest him yourself, you shall have a reward of fifty guineas.'

Classen was as avaricious and fond of money as he was wicked. Fifty guineas was a large sum indeed when gold was rarely seen.

'I'll catch him, Colonel, before he is three days older. I know one of his haunts.'

'Why not lead us there?' 'It would be of no use this time of day. Besides he may not be there for a day or two, and I shall have to be cautious in looking for him.'

'Well, secure him, and fifty guineas shall be yours.'

Several of the soldiers now came from the house, and stated that they had searched the house from top to bottom, but could find no one, although from appearance some one had been there lately.

The Colonel, followed by Classen, passed on to the house, while the fugitive lay quietly in his concealment.

It was a plain frame house of middling size, built partly of stone, in the Old Dutch style, and very comfortable within. There was but very little furniture; a few chairs, tables and cooking utensils. The better part, Classen said, had been taken away on the occasion

of Van Dyke's sister's marriage, as her part.

'Here is a great coat, sir,' said one of the soldiers, 'that we found on the floor of the kitchen, near the back door. It must have been dropped by some one in a hurry.'

'Feel if there are any papers in the pockets,' said Col. Harcourt.

'Yes sir, here is a bundle of them.'

The Colonel took the package, looked at the subscription, broke the seal, and going to the window commenced reading to himself, with a countenance of surprise.

'So, so—here is a list of our troops and their numbers in and about the city—At Powell's Hook three hundred and fifty, at Elizabethtown and Newark one thousand. Gen. Clinton leaves for Charlestown with one thousand.—Why, these documents are indeed of importance, who can play the spy so well in our camp? This Van Dyke is a most dangerous man to be abroad. Men, and you, Classen, search every hole and see if any more papers can be found.'

'Very well, we will now leave the place and return to quarters at Powell's Hook. Hodgeson, place some dry wood in the middle of the room, and when I give the word, apply the match.'

'What! are you going to burn the Willows, Colonel?' 'Yes, I will burn down the nest of this carrion bird. It is well he is not within my reach—he should swing for it. One such fellow with his secret spying, is more injury to us than a regiment of rebels in open field.'

Little did the British commander imagine that the young man was almost within the very sound of his voice.

'To horse, men, all except Hodgeson.' 'Now, Hodgeson, apply the match, mount and fall in.'

It was with anguish that Van Dyke heard this order from his hiding place. The Willows, as the farm house was called, had been the birth place of his ancestors, as it was his own, and there he had passed his life. But what could he do? Nothing.

Presently a thick bright smoke arose and burst from each door and window.

This was followed by bright flames, that shot far into the sky, and the crackling of the well seasoned timbers, dry with a century of preparation could be heard at a great distance.

'There will be one rebel shelter less to-night. It is a pity they were not all burned down, then the king would have more friends on this side of the water. These rebels are like dogs, a good whipping makes them better natured. The house will be consumed, for the embers are beginning to fly before the evening breeze. By file, to the right face, trot!' and the horsemen wheeled into the road.

'Fifty guineas you say, Colonel, if I take Van Dyke?' asked Classen again.

'Yes, fifty guineas.'

'Then I will leave you here, and keep a watch around. He may return here before a great while. Where do you halt?' 'At the Oaks, five miles off, and stop



or the forage party. If anything should occur within the time, you know where to find me.' The officer and men rode away.

Classen lingered around and gradually approached the building, which was, with the exception of the walls a heap of ruins.

'So, John Classen, you have glutted your vengeance upon me, and this is your work, viper and wretch!

Classen turned and beheld within six feet of him Van Dyke leaning on his musket.

'No, no, Peter,' he muttered, trembling as he spoke. 'It was the British officer. You know that I would not injure you.'

'Speak not another word, liar, or I shall forget myself and blow your brains out. I heard all. Go, you are to have fifty guineas for apprehending me. I am everything that is bad. I came to burn your house down, but fled when you approached!—Wretch, it was I who saved your dwelling and your worthless carcass, and these ruins are my reward.'

Peter, dear Peter.

'Soundrel, do not apply that word dear to me. It sounds worse than the hiss of a snake. Listen, John Classen, the chief reason of your animosity to me is because Kate Wessels preferred my hand to yours. Thank God! she and her father are both safe from your persecution, for they are now within the American lines. Now hear me: I spare you this time, for you are unarmed, but when we next meet, be it in town or village, forest or road, wedding or funeral, it is your life or mine. Go!

Classen waited for no second bidding, but disappeared in the direction taken by the soldiers in double quick time, his hair standing on end for like all other great rogues, he was as cowardly as he was bad. Van Dyke waited a moment, and thus considered in his own mind:

'That soundrel will bring some of these horsemen back, for he will imagine that I will linger around the oil place. Yes, yes, I will after some twenty of our lads, and prepare an ambush for them. Fifty guineas will draw Classen anywhere, coward that he is, especially when backed by the red coats.'

It was not long before Van Dyke returned with his party, who he gathered by a signal, and as night had fallen they took their stations under the willows by the banks of the brook, where they could remain unperceived. For the space of an hour all was still, and then the distant tramp of horses on the road was heard.

'Here they come,' said Van Dyke. Each chose his man, but leave Classen to me; you know him by the cap he wears. I will give the word when to fire.

In a short time the party of horsemen rode up to the willows, and true enough they were red coats, headed by a lieutenant, with Classen.

'Fire!' shouted Van Dyke.

So sudden and deadly was the aim that not more than half a dozen remained in their saddles, who wheeled their horses and fled as quickly as possible. Van Dyke had intentionally aimed at the horse of Classen, and he fell with his rider. To secure Classen was the work of a moment.

'Now, lads, bring out the rope and throw it over that willow branch. We have chained the enemy and they will be down upon us.'

'Mercy! mercy?' cried Classen.

All in vain. The noose was slipped

over his head, they strung him up, and there he was left till he was a corpse. The burning of the 'Willows' had been avenged.

## THE VOICE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

LONDON, THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1863.

WM. H. WALKER, EDITOR.

The accounts we have from the rebels in relation to the Naval expedition are of such a nature as to be received, in the main, as true. Our commanders seem to have displayed much skill. Beaufort was cut off from receiving reinforcements at once, Tatnell's fleet was dispersed and the work of landing a large force for inland operations soon accomplished. In short, when the Vanderhilt, which is hourly expected, arrives from Beaufort, we shall expect to hear of a great federal success.

The country will not be disappointed that South Carolina is made the first point of effective operations at the South for it was South Carolina that first conceived the idea of secession some thirty years ago which has completely demoralized the public sentiment of the entire South. It was South Carolina that for these thirty years fostered the same insurrectionary spirit, and it was South Carolina that brought on the present reign of bloodshed by bombarding Fort Sumter filled with a half starving garrison. It is now a source of satisfaction to the people to see the tide of war rolling back into the borders of this fountain head of rebellion. When the original tree is felled the branches of the same must die, so with secession, let it be crushed in South Carolina and it will soon die elsewhere. Let this State be made to bow to the government and resistance elsewhere will be of short duration. But they understand this well and will rally to the rescue of Charleston; troops will be hurried from all quarters and even to the weakening of their strength in Virginia, and whatever federal success we achieve in South Carolina will be fought for inch by inch, but with the foothold just secured there the federals have an advantage that makes the result a certainty and removes any doubt of an ultimate triumph on the Atlantic coast of the grandest scale.

## LEGISLATIVE.

The House and Senate, yesterday, took a recess to attend "training" at Burlington, to see the Cavalry regiment and the sights as "they is." Rather boyish for legislators.

In joint assembly, Tuesday, the following officers were elected:

Adj. and Ins. General—P. T. Washburn, of Woodstock, by 69 majority.

Quartermaster General—Geo. F. Davis, of Cavendish, by 86 majority.

Judge Adm. General—A. B. Gardner, of Bennington, by 129 majority.

Sergeant at arms—G. B. Dodge of Montpelier.

Railroad Commissioner—Wm. F. Dickinson of Chelsea.

But little has been accomplished during the week. Senator Merrill is not able to be in his seat on account of sickness which is to be regretted for he took a high position as a legislator.

Gov. Holbrook has issued a proclamation agreeably to the act of legislature, forbidding any and every person, not having authority from this state or the United States, enlisting, recruiting or employing or attempting to enlist recruit or employ any person in this state, for military service without this state, under the penalties provided in the act.

Benjamin Stark has been appointed United States Senator from Oregon. He is a peace democrat.

## WAR ITEMS.

Ship Belvidere has arrived from the fleet and brings the official reports of Com. DuPont and Gen. Sherman.

The fleet encountered by the fleet was very severe, the Union, Osceola, Governor and Isaac T. Smith were lost. The fleet arrived at Port Royal Monday, Nov. 4th. The attack commenced on Thursday the 7th inst, and lasted four hours when the rebels were compelled to abandon their works. Our loss is 8 killed and 20 wounded. Three forts were taken and 43 cannon of the heaviest calibre. The loss of the rebels is believed to be 200 or more, their final retreat was a perfect rout, leaving arms and equipments, commissions, papers, books and documents. When our troops reached Beaufort only one white man was found and he was drunk. Plantations on the river were destroyed.

Gen. Sherman has published a proclamation to the Carolinians beseeching them to cease from their fratricidal war, and informing them that the obligation of suppressing armed combinations against the government was paramount to all others and they must submit to the military exigencies caused by rebellion.

Col. Anthony with about 150 men was attacked on an open prairie about ten miles from Kansas city, on Monday about 600 rebels under command of Upton Hays and after a desperate struggle the rebels retreated, seeking shelter in the woods. Anthony fell back about six miles for reinforcements.

Another naval expedition is on the point of sailing for the gulf of Mexico. The companies garrisoning the fortifications around Washington have been ordered to build log huts for quarters.

Gens. Grant and McClelland with a force of 2800 went over the river last week from Cairo Ill., attacked the rebels, 7000 strong, at Belmont. The battle lasted until sundown. The rebels were driven from their intrenchments with great loss, their camp was burnt, and all their stores, baggage, cannon, horses and mules captured, and one hundred and fifty prisoners. The federal troops then retired, the rebel troops having received reinforcements from Columbus. Both generals had their horses shot from under them. Col. Dougherty of Ill. was taken prisoner. The Federal loss is 85 killed and 150 wounded. The rebel loss was heavy being 300 or more. Gen. Cheatham commanded the rebels. The latest advice states that after the federals began to retire they came upon a rebel force that had come over from Columbus and suffered greatly but still continued their retreat in order.

150 federal troops were attacked at Guyandotte Va., on the Ohio River, on Sunday evening by about 600 rebels, only fifty of the federals escaped, the rest were killed or taken prisoners.

At the siege of Sebastopol there were 253,042 rounds of cannon ammunition expended. There were 106 mortars and 200 guns of various sizes used in that siege, and of the whole number only 41 remained serviceable after the fall of Sebastopol.

The zeal of the Wisconsin boys for enlistment in the war against rebellion is well exemplified by the Green Lake Spectator, which, wanting a journeyman printer, prefers a cripple, "so he won't join the army and go off to the war."

Monroe undoubtedly understood how to raise troops for his wars, and how to make them fight. He ordered that the soldier who performed any signal exploit in battle should not be refused, during the whole expedition, whatever his age or deformity, a kiss from any woman he chose to ask for it. Another battle occurred at Pikeville in Ky., Friday last. The federals under Gen. Nelson gained a glorious victory. The battle lasted two days. The federal loss is small, the rebels lost.

The Pirate Sunter has at last been captured to the leeward of the Barbadoes and her crew are now prisoners aboard the Niagara.

400 killed and 1000 prisoners, and the rest were scattered in all directions.

Gen. Hunter's position on the southern question is this: 1st; All negroes coming into camp will be retained, and such of them as are proved to be the property of Union men will be duly appraised and received for, to be paid when and how Congress may see fit.

## More About Beaufort.

There is hardly a harbor on our coast, except not one in South Carolina, that offers so many facilities for commerce as Port Royal. The water is from three to six feet deeper than at Charleston, and the harbor is protected from easterly storms by the islands at its entrance. In Beaufort, which is on the eastern side of the island of Port Royal, was established the first English settlement in South Carolina. This occurred in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It was made by English proprietors who appointed William Sayle their Governor, his commission being dated July 26, 1669. Furnished with "two ships well filled with emigrants, and with provisions and arms to defend and provide for themselves," the Governor commenced a settlement on the island of Port Royal in 1670. The colonists remained here but a year. A good harbor was only a secondary matter with them; their object was agriculture. To encourage emigration they offered a grant of 150 acres of land. The pasturage being very poor on the island, and the soil too thin to be worked with profit, the colony was removed in 1671 to the western bank of the Ashley river, or near to where Charleston is now. There is another cause for their removal to be found in the too close proximity of the French and Spaniards who were just on the other side of the harbor.

It is a fact ever to be regretted that these early settlers did not lay the foundations of their new city on the southwestern side of the harbor, rather than on the banks of the Ashley river. Charleston harbor is not favorable for an extensive commerce. The city has grown to importance in spite of natural obstacles. The bar at the entrance of the harbor has been the cause of much suffering and loss. There have again and again been devised to open a broad and deep channel to the city, but to no purpose. In Broad river, on the contrary, the water is deep, and, and it can afford ample protection for a fleet twice as large as that which is there today.

After the removal of the English colonists, there were no efforts made to settle at Beaufort, Beaufort as it is printed on old maps, until 1700, or about thirty years after its desertion. From this date its history begins. The first white settler was in 1717. The first church was built in 1720. In 1750 there were but about 1900 inhabitants in the town. In 1850 the population is set down at 900. Probably both of these estimates are exclusive of negroes. Says a quick chronicler:—"Beaufort is remarkable for the health and longevity of its inhabitants. The complexion of the people are a proof of the former—the parish register of the latter." He, however, was unacquainted with the new disease which as yet has succeeded in puzzling physicians, commonly known as Secessionism. How the people have been affected by it remains to be seen. We only know that we have sent to our relief some forty vessels full of doctors and pills. We hope to hear soon that the disorder is entirely subdued. Port Royal island was a place of importance only once in the Revolution. The royal army at Savannah, having received extensive reinforcements from St. Augustine, the commanders planned to extend their forces to South Carolina. For this purpose Maj. Gardner, with about two hundred men, was sent to take possession of Port Royal island. They had scarcely landed ere the news reached Charleston. Gen. Moultrie, with a body of men about equal to the force of Gardner, of which number, however, only nine were regular soldiers, came over to the island to drive the enemy back. Moultrie had with him two small field pieces. The work was hot for a little while, but it resulted in the defeat of the British. Nearly all their officers were killed. The American loss was eight killed and twenty-two wounded.

From that day until the present, Port Royal has been a place of very small account. We hope it may now prove a key with which to unlock the whole South.—Boston Journal.

## The Long Winter Evenings.

Notwithstanding the present fine weather, we cannot ignore the fact that the short, cold days are approaching, each to be followed by a long, warm evening, by way of compensation. The winter evenings are, during the cold season, an important part of our waking life, and one that tends to give a coloring to the whole of it. They will be delightful or dismal, pernicious or profitable, according to the manner in which they are employed. As a general thing they should be spent sociably. Let no one fancy that he can do his duty to himself and others if he spends the next hundred evenings reading aloud in his room. The book may be instructive, moral, religious; but to the solitary reader it will impart an imperfect lesson, a repentance that ought to be repented of. The practical point cannot ever be a healthily-minded man. It is common and just, to speak of the snares and temptations of the world, and one of them is a tendency, while in the world, to withdraw from it as much as possible. The social talent was not designed for the folds of a upkiss, and without the people the evening affords the best opportunity for the free commerce of words and thoughts. When the days are briefest and blackest, let this thought lie warm at every heart. "To-night I shall meet with intelligent and kindly faces, neighbor or friend, woman or winsome child, not overlooking the slightest sympathy of a sagacious dog. I shall borrow inspiration and inspiration of my friends, and though now a beggar, I shall give as well as take."

Of course, a part of the coming evenings will be spent at amusing exhibitions, or in attending parties of pleasure. These last are open to two objections: late hours and needless expense. If we cannot find a gratifying meet without a display that gratifies their vanity, they should at least make that display when the eyes that are to enjoy it are not already weary with watching. Still, the custom may be tolerated till a better obtains. An occasional vigil, with agreeable associations may be more refreshing than the soundest sleep. It is better to see our friends at midnight than never to see them at all. But a great deal more may be made of the neighborly call, and above all, of the bedside hour. If we cannot let the latter become a "silent meeting," let the father of the family become absorbed in book or paper, while wife and children sit in mute constraint, or worse still, converse in surreptitious whispers, checked by his gathering fatigue. If the good-natured remember that *familiar* is derived from *famulus*, and is defined—"accustomed by frequent converse, well acquainted with, intimate, close." It is true that many persons have been members of the same family for years, without being the best degree intimate with each other; but so should not be among you" in the light of the already kindled fires.

One evening in a week may well be devoted to lectures, where lectures are accessible, and the village lyceum, if well conducted, is an excellent substitute where they are not. A correspondent writes requesting us to advocate social evenings, where young people may meet to discuss printed history, poetry and essays, and to offer their own humble efforts in the same direction in a manuscript form. This would be a capital idea in one respect at least. It would give to the brief immortality of an hour, productions that never otherwise so decay, and hope to meet the smallest fraction of an appreciative public. It would relieve many an editorial waste-basket from constitutional pletoria, and restore to a grateful parent the feeble findings of his own country, and its charities, now perished from neglect. These reading circles, so beautiful in theory, are apt to fall into one of two practical errors. The reading and writing is wont to be of the lightest description, degenerating into mere nonsense and idleness; or, in avoiding this folly, the articles to be read are so devoid of literary dull that nobody remains to hear. There is a happy medium between these two extremes. Works may be found, brisk, sparkling and readable, which will interest and instruct a village audience and call out its latent power. If you find any such, and that the experiment has been successfully tried, and we hope it may be repeated wherever circumstances favor. But, however, these coming evenings are to be spent, whether in "books, or work, or healthful play," or anything except arson and lurchery, let them not be spent alone.



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